



The House That Jack Built

PART VII.

WELL, Well, Well, if this isn't our old friends Jack and Jill, and my! what a lot of little Jacks and Jills.



Can it be all that time since they were married? How time DOES fly!

And has Jill got the HOME she was promised?

Well, not exactly, though the responsibility of little Jacks and Jills has taught Jack, Sr., how to SAVE—even if it is HARDER every day TO save.

And another thing—Jack thinks more than he used to and you can BANK on it that a man doesn't head a little band of young HOPEFULS without WANTING a REAL HOME.

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By Rex Beach

The Silver Horde

Author of
"The Spoilers" and
"The Barrier"

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.
Boyd Emerson and "Fingerless" Fraser enter Kalvik, Alaska, and meet a young white woman, Cherry Malone, who shelters them.

(Continued From Yesterday.)
CHAPTER III.

THE girl darted a swift look at Boyd, but he felt to brooding again, evidently insensible to her presence. At length he stirred himself to ask:

"Can I hire a guide hereabout? We'll have to be going on in a day or so."
"Constantine will get you one. I suppose, of course, you will avoid the Katmai pass?"

"Avoid it? Why?"
"It's dangerous, and nobody travels it except in the direst emergency. It's much the shortest route to the coast, but it has a record of some thirty deaths. I should advise you to cross the range farther east, where the divide is lower. The mail boat touches at both places."

On the following morning Cherry told Constantine to hitch up her team and have it waiting when breakfast was finished. When she turned to Emerson, who came into the room and said quietly:

"I have something to show you if you will take a short ride with me."
The young man, impressed by the gravity of her manner, readily consented. Constantine freed the leader, and they went off at a mad run. They skinned over the snow with the flight of a bird.

The young man gave himself up to the unique and rather delightful experience of being transported through an unknown country to an unknown destination by a charming girl of whom he also knew nothing.

"Yesterday you seemed to be taken by the fishing business," she finally said.

"I certainly was until you told me there were no cannery sites left."

"There is one. When I came here a year ago the whole river was open, so on an outside chance I located a site, the best one available. When Willis Marsh learned of it he took up all of the remaining places, and, although at the time I had no idea what I was going to do with my property,

I hung on to it."
"I can't buy your site."
"Nobody asked you to," she smiled.
"I wouldn't sell it to you if you had



TOGETHER THEY ASCENDED THE BANK AND SURVEYED THE SURROUNDINGS.

the money, but if you will build a cannery on it I'll turn in the ground for an interest."

Emerson meditated a moment then replied, "I can't say yes or no. It's a pretty big proposition—\$200,000, you said?"

"Yes. It's a big opportunity. You can clean up 100 per cent in a year. Do you think you could raise the money to build a plant?"

"I might," he said cautiously.

"At least you can try?"

"But I don't know anything about the business."

"I've thought of all that, and there's a way to make success certain. I believe you have executive ability and can handle these men."

"Oh, yes, I've done that sort of thing." His broad shoulders went up as he drew a long breath. "What's your plan?"

"There's a man down the coast, George Balt, who knows more about the business than any four people in Kalvik. He discovered the Kalvik river, built the first cannery here and was its foreman until he quarreled with Marsh. Balt isn't the kind of man to be disciplined, so, not having enough money to build a cannery, he took his scanty capital and started a saltery on his own account. Marsh broke George in a year, ruined him utterly wiped him out, just as he intends to wipe out insignificant me. Thinking to recoup his fortunes, George came back into camp, but he owns a valuable trap site which Marsh and his colleagues want, and before they would give him work they tried to make him assign it to them and contract never to go in business on his own account. Naturally George refused. He's been starving now for two years."

"No man dares to furnish food to George Balt; no man dares to give him a bed; no cannery will let him work. He has to take a dory to Dutch Harbor to get food. He doesn't dare leave the country and abandon the meager thousands he has invested in buildings, and every summer when the run starts he comes across the marshes and slinks about the Kalvik thickets like a wraith, watching from afar just in order to be near it all. He stands alone and forsaken, harking to the clank of machinery, every bolt of which he placed, watching his enemies enrich themselves from that gleaming silver army, which he considers his very own. He is shunned like a leper. Some time I believe he will kill Marsh."

"Hm-m! One seems to be forever crossing the trail of this Marsh," said Boyd, who had listened intently.

"The man who beats Marsh will have done something," she paused, then said deliberately, "And I believe you are the one to do it."

They had reached their destination—the mouth of a deep creek, up which Cherry turned her dogs. Emerson leaped from the sled and, running for ward, seized the leader, guiding it into a clump of spruce, among the boles of which he tangled the harness, for

this team was like a pack of wolves, ravenous for travel and intolerant of the leash.

Together they ascended the bank and surveyed the surroundings. Cherry expatiating upon every feature with the fervor of a land agent bent on weaving his spell about a prospective buyer. And in truth she had chosen well, for the conditions seemed ideal.

"I've watched you, and I know you are down on your luck for some reason," the girl said. "You've been mistreated somehow, and you've had the heart taken out of you, but I'm sure it's in you to succeed, for you're young and intelligent, cool and determined. I am giving you this chance to play the biggest game of your life and erase in eight short months every trace of failure. I'm not doing it altogether unselfishly, for I believe you've been sent to Kalvik to work out your own salvation and mine and that of poor George Balt, whom you've never seen. You're going to do this thing, and you're going to make it win."

Emerson reached out impulsively and caught her tiny, mitted hand. His eyes were shining; his face had lost the settled look of dejection and was all aglow with a new dawn of hope. Even his shoulders were lifted and thrown back as if from some sudden access of vigor that lightened his burden.

"You're right!" he said firmly. "We'll send for Balt tonight."

In the days that followed Cherry was at Boyd's elbow constantly, aiding him at every turn in his zeal to acquire a knowledge of the cannery system. The odd conviction grew upon her that he was working against time, that there was a limit to his period of action, for he seemed obsessed by an ever growing passion to accomplish some end within a given time and had no thought for anything beyond the engrossing issue into which he had plunged. She was dumfounded by his sudden transformation and delighted at first, but later, when she saw that he regarded her only as a means to an end, his cool assumption of leadership piqued her and she felt hurt.

Constantine had been sent for Balt with instructions to keep on until he found the fisherman even if the quest carried him over the range. During the days of impatient waiting they occupied their time largely in reconnoitering the nearest cannery, permission to go over which Cherry had secured from the watchman, who was indebted to her. The man was timid at first, but Emerson won him over, then proceeded to pump him dry of informa-

tion, as he had done with his hostess. Fraser looked on in bewilderment at the change in Emerson.

"What have you done to 'Frozen Annie'?" he asked Cherry on one occasion. "You must have fed him a speed ball, for I never saw a guy gear up so fast. Why, he was the darndest crape hanger I ever met till you got him gingered up. He didn't have no more spirit than a sick kitten."

Fraser then eyed the girl keenly. "This is a lonely place for a woman like you," he said, "and our mutual friend ain't altogether unattractive, eh?"

Cherry's cheeks flamed, but her tone was icy. "This is entirely a business matter."

"Hm-m! I ain't never heard you touted none as a business woman," said the adventurer.

"Have you ever heard me"—the color faded from the girl's face, and it was a trifle drawn—"discussed in any way?"

"You know, Emerson makes me uncomfortable sometimes, he is so d—d moral," Fraser replied indirectly. "He won't stand for anything off color. He's a real square guy, he is, the kind you read about."

"You didn't answer my question," insisted Cherry.

Again Fraser evaded the issue. "Now, if this Marsh is going after you in earnest this summer why don't you let me stick around until spring and look-out your game? I'll drop a monkey wrench in his gear case or put a spider in his dumpling, and it's more than an even shot that if him and I got to know each other right well I'd own his cannery before fall."

"Thank you; I can take care of my self," said the girl.

(To Be Continued.)

NOTED WOMAN DIES IN LONDON

Florence Nightingale, Who Reached Age of 90 Years, Cousin of El Pasoan.

Notice of the death in London of Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimean war has been received in El Paso by Mrs. J. D. Burns of 1905



Arizona street who is a second cousin. Although she has been an invalid a long time barely leaving her room at times her death was not expected. She was 90 years of age, and the only woman who has ever received the Order of Merit.

Florence Nightingale was known as the "Angel of the Crimea" by the soldiers who fought in the Crimean war. The army hospitals were in a miserable condition and 52 percent of those who entered were carried out to their graves. She had studied nursing and for this war she organized corps of volunteer nurses whom she led into the field. At the close of the war she was the recipient of a testimonial fund amounting to \$250,000 with which she founded the Nightingale Home for the training of nurses. In 1908 King Edward bestowed upon her the Order of Merit, the most exclusive distinction in the gift of the British sovereign. The order is limited to 24, of which number Lord Roberts is one.

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COLUMBUS MAY CELEBRATE ARTESIAN WATER FIND

Barbecue and Picnic Set for September 5, When It Is Expected To Have Water: Many Homeseekers.

Columbus, N. M., Aug. 29.—Columbus is to have a big barbecue and picnic September 5, when it is expected to have artesian water.

Mrs. F. E. Baker of El Paso has located on the Stowell place, two and a half miles east of town.

P. G. Mosley has the lumber on the

ground for the erection of a residence on his homestead adjoining the town on the east.

Homeseekers are steadily coming in and taking up government land. Free land close in is getting scarce.

Justice of the peace, S. O. Dotson, entertain some friends at his home. Cake, ice cream and cantaloupes were served.

Messrs. Beach and Peters are preparing to install their pumping plant. The well is 200 feet deep and water within 25 feet of the surface.



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